No. 40. PAGE 157

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1805.

ESSAYS.

TRAITS OF WOMEN, *FROM SACRED HISTORY.*

SARAH.

"Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow."
Thompson.

SACRED history has recorded the amiable virtues and immortalized the names of many of the female sex:—Among whom was the wife of Abram, that faithful servant and friend of God, whose memory, through every succeeding age, has been revered as well by Mahomitans as by Christians and Jews. The hand, that clothes and bedecks the lilies of the field, had given Sarah the attractions of uncommon beauty. Long after their first espousals, Abram said to his wife, "Behold, now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon." At the same time, the sacred penman remarked concerning Sarah, that "she was very fair." A subsequent event corresponded with this testimony and displayed, infinitely beyond the power of language, the irresistable attractions of that lovely woman.

On the awful occasion of a general famine, which involved the good as well as the evil in unutterable distress, Abram, together with his beloved partner, journeyed into Egypt in quest of sustenance. Sarah, at that time, was not young. Forty years or more, which had *then* passed over her, must have wrought some decay, in her former youthful and virgin bloom. Such, however, were the personal charms which she still possessed, even at this advanced period of life, that every eye beheld her with admiration. Egypt was moved at her coming. The nobles saw her and praised her:—the princes commended her to Pharaoh, who enamoured of this beautiful stranger, took her to his palace, and "entreated Abram well for her sake;" supposing him to be her brother.* Never was there a greater triumph of female charms; nor was ever the virtue of lovely woman in greater peril.

Beauty has frequently undone its possessor. Many a woman has fallen the victim of her own personal attractions. Many a parent has mourned with unutterable anguish over a ruined daughter, whose loveliness of form exposed her to the fatal and successful arts of seduction.

"The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet VANE could tell what ills from *beauty* spring,
And SEDLEY curs'd the form that pleas'd a king."
Johnson.

Sarah was, however, happily shielded with *divine armour*. Through the piety of her heart and the watchful providence of Heaven, her *honor* was preserved and she was restored unpolluted to the arms of her husband. Piety is the only permanent safeguard to female virtue. The woman that conscientiously regards the invisible eye of Heaven, is secured from the path of the destroyer. But unhappy she, whose breast is a stranger to the purifying efficacy of moral and religious principles! Her sense of honor, her regard to character, are but feeble barriers against infamy and ruin.

Ah! what is a beautiful form, without a correspondent mind? It is like the apples of Sodom, fair without, but putrid within. The *Helen* of Greece, the *Rosamond* of Britain and thousands of other fallen beauties, have been sad proofs, that "favor is deceitful and beauty is vain." But the mental ornaments of piety, discretion meekness and benevolence, are without price. "A woman that feareth the Lord," and acts with prudence and goodness, as a daughter, as a wife and as a mother, "she shall be praised." She is truely amiable, even though destitute of personal attractions. But when surpassing beauties of face and form are connected, in the female character, with the infinitely higher and unfading beauties of mind, they unitedly form such an image of loveliness as even a *Stoic* could not contemplate without emotion.

Such was Sarah.—An inspired apostle has borne testimony to her *faith and piety*. Another apostle has remarked *her respectful behaviour towards her venerable husband:*—And her *industry and domestic habits* have been honorably mentioned by the sacred historian, who wrote the book of Genesis.—After all she was not an *Angel*, but a *Woman*. The sacred biographer has impartially recorded a circumstance to her disadvantage. Her conduct towards a domestic, whom, according to the unhappy custom of the *East*, Abram had taken as a subordinate wife, was harsh and cruel. It was an instance of the bitterness of female resentment, springing from the jealousy of rivalship; and it may be placed among the thousand proofs of the pernicious effects of polygamy and concubinage.

The birth of a son, from whom, according to the promise, should proceed that Divine Personage, who would prove a blessing to all the families of the earth, cheered the evening of Sarah's days, and, after having fulfilled the

* Abram, through fear that the Egyptians would murder him on his wife's account, if he should be known to be her husband, had, by a false declaration, passed himself for her brother. This deed of dissimulation and falshood was a blot upon the character of that most venerable and excellent man.——At the same time, the circumstance of Abram's fearful apprehension, lest some one should murder him for the sake of possessing his wife, leads to a very unfavorable opinion of the condition of the world, at that early period, in respect to government and morals.

duties of a long life, she died in hope and peace. Happy woman!—the mother of the faithful—a sprig of verdant cassia still grows on her grave—her memory is embalmed and her children, in every succeeding age, rise up and call her blessed.

[*H. Balance.*] PHILO BIBLOS.

MISCELLANY.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES.

Lovely Creatures,

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds. I advise you to read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and if you like, the stories of prudent generous love. You dress well, and have the belle air and mein: be as polite in your language as in your dress, and learn to write a style, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some, be mutes and statues, in company; nor as others, perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs within them.—Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners, nor a powdered tortured head with a short foppish tail for gentility, nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trim'd off with a gross or two of velvet binding and a vest about six inches long, for an independent fortune, nor servile cringing for true love. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom, but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady, manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of minding at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience.

To conclude, I inform you that a party of ladies at the next house talk so fast and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs. [*Balance.*]

ACCOUNT OF THE MARRIAGE OF TWO DWARFS.

[*From the Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, Esq.*]

THE princess Natalia, only sister to the Czar, by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding of two of her dwarfs, who were to be married; on which occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of *ninety-three*. They went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow, preceeded by a large open waggon, drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride, in a coach and six, attended by their bride-man and maid, who sat in the coach before them. They were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs.

It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage suitable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princes's palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company. Two long tables were covered on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together. The princess with her two nieces, princess Ann and Elizabeth, the Czar's daughters, were at the trouble to see them all seated, and well attended, before they sat down to their own table.

At night the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the new married couple to their chamber, in great state; after that ceremony the dwarf company had a large room allotted them, to make merry among themselves; the entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted until day light. The company which attended the princess upon this occasion were so numerous, that they filled several rooms.

USEFUL.

CORNS.

ALWAYS willing to give any information conducive to the melioration of my fellow-sufferers, I humbly tender the following recipe for eradicating the most inveterate corns.

Take a little unwrought cotton, lay it on the part affected—wear it for a week or two, and you will find, in an unaccountable manner, the corn will be dislodged, and nothing left to *console* the proprietary but the cob.

I had been hugely afflicted, for a considerable time, with a concomitant of this kind and finally was obliged to wear an old shoe, put down at the heel, to my great mortification and peril at this inclement season:—was advised to the above stated remedy, and am very happy to find, after wearing the cotton for ten days, the corn was completely gone, and pleased myself with the consolatory idea of to-morrow putting on my "Bennet's royal best" and "Belford's up to the knees" JACOBUS.

AMUSING.

[The following humorous scene, between a learned, a cheap, a safe, a musical doctor, and a literary quack, took place in a town of the United States:]

MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

AN EXTRACT.

"*For man's relief the healing art was given;*
"*A wise physician is the boon of heaven.*"

A DRUNKEN jockey having fallen from his horse at a public review, was taken up senseless, and extended upon the long table of a tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously. As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehened by some, unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his scull. The faculty hastened, from all quarters, to his assistance. The learned scrupulous physician, after requesting that the doors and windows might be shut, approached the patient; and, with a stately air, declined giving his opinion, as he had unfortunately left at home his *Pringle on contusions.*

The cheap doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture; prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments. The safe doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum, and cobwebs to staunch the blood. The popular physician, or musical doctor, told a jovial story and then suddenly relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice: that he who spent his days in tormenting horses, should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door, an event which he thought ought to be sent home upon our minds by prayer. The literary quack pressing through the crowd, begged that he might state the case to the company; and with an audible voice thus began:—The learned doctor, *Nominativo-hoc-Caput*, in his Treatise upon Brains, observes, that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man. The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears; a glutton's in his palate; a gallant's in his lips; an old maid's in her tongue; a dancer's in his toes; a drunkard's in his throat:—By the way, landlord, give us a button of sling. When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we consequently inquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound injures the seat of the soul: if that escapes, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul, gentlemen—I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies in the hospital, in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockeys, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold, in Newmarket, and all wounded in the heel. Twenty others, with their arms, backs, and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble jockey, with his *momenativo caret*, which is Greek for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains run down his face like the white of a broken egg; but as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be in the least impaired. Come, pull off the patient's boot, while I drink his better health. Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directions, when the other doctors interfered. They had heard him with disdainful impatience: and now each raised his voice to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. Bring the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs, I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some tod, and pull off the boot, echoed from all quarters. The landlord forbade quarrelling in his house. The whole company rushed out to form a ring on the green for the medical professors, where they had a consultation of fisty cuffs. The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of——and molasses down the patient's throat, who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swap horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all-fours, and get dead drunk again before sun-set.

THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

A Swedish minister took occasion to inform the chiefs of the Susquehannah Indians, in a kind of sermon, of the principal historical facts on which the christian religion is founded; and more particularly the fall of our first parents by eating an apple. When the sermon was over, an old Indian orator replied—"What you have told us is very good; we thank you for coming so far to tell us those things you have heard from your mothers; in return we will tell you what we have heard from ours.

"In the beginning we had only flesh of animals to eat; and if they failed we starved. Two of our hunters having killed a deer, and broiled a part of it, saw a young woman descend from the cloud, and seat herself on a hill hard by. Said one to the other, "it is a spirit, perhaps that has smelt our venison; let us offer some of it to her." They accordingly gave her the tongue; she was pleased with its flavor, and said, "Your kindness shall be rewarded; come here thirteen moons hence, and you shall find it." They did so, and found where her right hand had touched the ground, maize growing; where her left hand had been, kidney beans; and where her backside had been they found tobacco."

The Swedish minister was disgusted.—"What I told you, (said he) is truth; yours is fable, fiction and falsehood." The indian offended in his turn, replied—"My friend, your education has not been a good one; your mothers have not done you justice; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we who understand and practice these rules, believed all your stories; why then do you refuse to believe ours? We believe indeed as you have told us, that it is bad to eat apples; it had been better that they had all been made into cider; but we would not have told you so, had you not disbelieved the method by which we obtained maize, kidney beans, and tobacco."

A striking instance of Longevity.

In days of yore, a gentleman travelling through the Highlands of Scotland happened to fall in with a man who appeared to be about 80 years of age, weeping bitterly: On inquiring the reason, the old man informed him that his father had just been whipping him—the gentleman's curiosity led him to visit their cottage, where he saw the father; and on expostulating with him on his cruelty in using thus his son, was told that the *young* rascal had been throwing stones at his great grand-father, who was at work in the garden.

A PRATING barber, who asked king Archelaus how he would please to be shaved? answered, *In silence.*

Lancaster, *March* 20, 1805.

MARRIED, on Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, Mr. *Edward Mott*, jun. to Miss *Faithful Slaymaker*, daughter of Amos Slaymaker, Esq.

———, on Thursday, the 7th inst. at Squabbletown, by the Rev. Mr. *M'Graw*, Mr. *John Rycord*, to the celebrated Miss *Betsy Bowman*, late of the city of Philadelphia.

———, on the same evening, by the same Parson, Mr. *George Gillespie*, to Miss *Polly M'Clelland*, daughter of Dr. Robert M'Clelland; all of Octorara Hundred, Cæcil county.

———, on Thursday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dicky, of Oxford township, Chester county, Mr. *Jesse Smith*, of the same place, to Miss *Hannah Whiteside*, of Colerain township, Lancaster county.

DIED, at his farm, on Turtle-creek, in Allegany county, on the 3d inst. *John M'Masters*, Esq. for many years a respectable Member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

POETRY.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

Your depositing the following in the next number of the HIVE, will oblige

— A READER.

NARCISSA;

OR, A LESSON FOR THE LADIES.

A Fragment.

****** Despair sat on her eye, which she lifted up towards Heaven, as if accusing the *Great First Cause* of Justice.—I knew her in her infant days, when the first blush of beauty lighted up her cheeks, and white-robed innocence led her by the hand. She was then all that the warmest fancy could form, or the most ardent wish expect. But now her beauties were faded in her prime, and she appeared a monument of grief.—With desperate resolution she ran to the banks of the C———, and, musing for a moment in speechless agony, plunged herself into the flood.

Poor unfortunate maid!—thy untimely fate shall draw many a pearly tear from the brightest eye; and while they peruse thy hapless story in the following effusion of an artless muse, *Columbia's* fair shall learn to detest the *horrid vice of Gaming*:

—

THE FEMALE GAMESTER.

A tale founded on fact.

YE Fair! that grace *Manhattan's* Isle,
O shun the GAMING RAGE,
'Twill spoil your beauties, kill your smile,
And hasten helpless age.

'Twill with a tyrant's force, your soul
In slavish bondage keep;
And while on HOYLE your thoughts still roll,
His laws will murder sleep.

NARCISSA——but my heart weeps blood
To think upon her fate;
NARCISSA, beauteous, wise and good,
But short, alas! her date.

A youth for ev'ry virtue fam'd,
For her possession sigh'd;
The deeds were drawn, the day was nam'd
She was to be his bride.

But ah! before that wish'd for day,
The lovely artless maid
Was by a swindler stripp'd at play,
By knavish art betray'd.

In debt—alarm'd—afraid—confus'd
She could enjoy no rest;
The villan too some freedom us'd,
And hard for payment press'd.

Her debt became the endless sourse
Of woes that lay upon her;
At length she was compell'd by force
To pay it with her honor.

A stranger now to joy or rest,
She sighs, but cannot speak;
And while keen anguish gnaws her breast,
Care pales her damask cheek.

Despairing then to meet relief,
On———banks she stood;
There mus'd awhile in speechless grief,
Then plung'd into the flood.

The flood, like faithful friends, the maid
From sinking long upbore;
But when it ceas'd its friendly aid,
She sunk and rose no more.

AN OLD MAN's SALUTATION,

To an old Acquaintance.

GOOD morrow, friend, I'm glad to see
Thy face so early on the hill;
That smiling look has charms for me,
And while I live it ever will.

Ah me! how feeble is my gait,
For I can neither run nor leap;
'Tis no small task for *sixty-eight*
To climb a hill so very steep.

I knew a little truant boy,
Health hung her blossoms on his cheek;
His heart, when full of grief or joy,
In *every feature seem'd to speak.*

In vain his fellows round him flock'd,
And join'd their sports in merry glee;
To such his heart was ever lock'd,
And *nature only kept the key.*

She led him thro' each lone recess,
And to his search was never coy;
The solitary wilderness
Echo'd the carols of the boy.

But chiefly would his fancy warm,
And pleasure brighten on his brow,
To see the forest fight the storm,
And hear the roar of ev'ry bough.

And when the stormy winds were laid,
To some green wood would he withdraw;
And, as he stretch'd him in the shade,
Partake the deep surrounding awe.

His limbs no bending staff did aid,
He bounded hither like a deer,
Before the eastern cloud betray'd
A symptom that *thy* face was near.

And when the smiling sea and land
Were touch'd with transitory gleams,
He rais'd his hat with cheerful hand,
And bade good morrow to thy beams.

This little boy, whose face did give
Full to thy beams health's rosy red,
Is gone; his representative,
Hh woe is me! is this grey head,

Night's shadows gather round mine eyes,
I hear the frequent calls of fate;
And very soon, when thou shalt rise,
This hill-top will be desolate.

FRIENDSHIP.

Laberius held, or *Publius Syrus*,
No matter which—the search would tire us,
That he, who strives, by gentle dealings,
To sooth a scrub, of vulgar feelings,
Errs wide as he, by threats severe,
Who thinks to daunt a *cavalier.*
Dame nature o'er our shoulders threw
A doublet of the *truest blue*,
Which, tho' we labour to conceal,
By veils that reach from head to heel,
Various, in texture as in hue,
Yet keen observers still peep through.
She hangs on each a brace of sacks!
One ponderous, fasten'd at our *backs*,
Contains our own misdeeds—the other
'Bout which, tho' light, we make a pother,
Our neighbors' secret faults encloses,
And ever bobs before our noses!
The freaks of youthful passions, find
Indulgence with a liberal mind:
Blam'd, haply, by the dull discreet,
Whose blood ne'er glow'd with generous heat;
Or by the mean and sordid elf,
Whose rule of right is love of *self*:
Or rail'd at by the sinner sly,
Who tramples on each moral tie;
What then—unsullied stands his fame,
'Till men of sense and virtue blame.
A scrape's the means our friends to try,
And shew on whom we may rely;
A sort of crucible, or ewer,
To purge base metal from the pure.
Give me the man, who will defend
Each word, each action of his friend;
Who scorns to sit, and hear his foes
Their false and rancourous tale disclose;
But fires, and with affection strong,
Supports him, whether *right or wrong.*

[*P. Fol.*] J.

Blank Bonds, Apprentices and Servants Indentures, &c. &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE—WHERE

Justices of the Peace

Can be furnished with all the BLANKS required by the 100 dollar law, on the most moderate terms.

THE HIVE.

☞ Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

☞ *Complete files, from No.* 1, *of the present volume, may be had on application.*

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
M'DOWELL & GREEAR,
AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.
Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be thankfully received.